

**SALMAGUNDI;**  
OR, THE  
**WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS**  
OF  
**LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.**  
AND OTHERS.

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In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,  
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,  
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,  
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,  
We treat the town.

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**STYLE AT BALLSTON.**

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

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Notwithstanding Evergreen has never been abroad, nor had his understanding enlightened, or his views enlarged by that marvellous sharpener of the wits a salt-water voyage; yet he is tolerably shrewd, and correct, in the limited sphere of his observations; and now and then astounds me with a right pithy remark, which would do no discredit even to a man who had made the grand tour.

In several late conversations at Cockloft-Hall, he has amused us exceedingly by detailing sundry particulars concerning that notorious slaughter-house of time, Ballston Springs, where he spent a considerable part of the last summer. The following is a summary of his observations.

Pleasure has passed through a variety of significations at Ballston. It originally meant nothing more than a relief from pain and sickness; and the patient who had journeyed many a weary mile to the Springs, with a heavy heart and emaciated form, called it pleasure when he threw by his crutches, and danced away from them with renovated spirits and limbs jocund with vigour. In process of time pleasure underwent a refinement and appeared in the likeness of a sober unceremonious country-dance, to the flute of an amateur or the three-stringed fiddle of an itinerant country musician. Still every thing bespoke that happy holiday which the spirits ever enjoy, when emancipated from the shackles of formality, ceremony, and modern politeness: things went on cheerily, and Ballston was pronounced a charming hum-drum careless place of resort, where every one was at his ease and might follow unmolested the bent of his humour—provided his wife was not there—when, lo! all of a sudden *Style* made its baneful appearance in the semblance of a gig and tandem, a pair of leather breeches, a liveried footman and a cockney!—since that fatal era pleasure has taken an entire new signification, and at present means nothing but *STYLE*.

The worthy, fashionable, dashing, good-for-nothing people of every state, who had rather suffer the martyrdom of a crowd, than endure the monotony of their own homes, and the stupid company of their own thoughts, flock to the Springs—not to enjoy the pleasures of society, or benefit by the qualities of the waters, but to exhibit their equipages and wardrobes, and to excite the admiration, or what is much more satisfactory, the *envy* of their fashiona-

ble competitors. This of course awakens a spirit of noble emulation between the eastern, middle, and southern states, and every lady hereupon finding herself charged in a manner with the whole weight of her country's dignity and *style*, dresses and dashes, and sparkles, without mercy, at her competitors from other parts of the union. This kind of rivalry naturally requires a vast deal of preparation and prodigious quantities of supplies. A sober citizen's wife will break half a dozen milliners' shops, and sometimes starve her family a whole season, to enable herself to make the spring campaign in *style*—she repairs to the seat of war with a mighty force of trunks and bandboxes, like so many ammunition chests, filled with caps, hats, gowns, ribbons, shawls, and all the various artillery of fashionable warfare. The lady of a southern planter will lay out the whole annual produce of a rice plantation in silver and gold muslins, lace veils, and new liveries; carry a hog'shead of tobacco on her head, and trail a bale of sea-island cotton at her heels—while a lady of Boston or Salem will wrap herself up in the nett proceeds of a cargo of whale oil, and tie on her hat with a quintal of codfish.

The planters' ladies, however, have generally the advantage in this contest; for, as it is an incontestable fact, that whoever comes from the West or East Indies, or Georgia, or the Carolinas, or in fact any warm climate, is immensely rich, it cannot be expected that a simple cit of the north can cope with them in *style*. The planter, therefore, who drives four horses abroad, and a thousand negroes at home, and who flourishes up to the Springs followed by half a score of black-a-moors in gorgeous liveries, is unquestionably superiour to the

northern merchant, who plods on in a carriage and pair; which being nothing more than is quite *necessary*, has no claim whatever to *style*. He, however, has his consolation in feeling superiour to the honest cit, who dashes about in a simple gig—he in return sneers at the country squire, who jogs along with his scrubby long-eared poney and saddle bags; and the squire, by way of taking satisfaction, would make no scruple to run over the unobtrusive pedestrian, were it not that the last, being the most independent of the whole, might chance to break his head by way of retort.

The great misfortune is, that this *style* is supported at such an expense as sometimes to encroach on the rights and privileges of the pocket, and occasion very awkward embarrassments to the tyro of fashion. Among a number of instances, Evergreen mentions the fate of a dashing blade from the south, who made his *entré* with a tandem and two outriders, by the aid of which he attracted the attention of all the ladies, and caused a coolness between several young couple who, it was thought before his arrival, had a considerable kindness for each other. In the course of a fortnight his tandem disappeared!—the class of good folk who seem to have nothing to do in this world but pry into other people's affairs—began to stare!—in a little time longer an outrider was missing—this increased the alarm, and it was consequently whispered that he had eaten the horses, and drank the negro.—(N. B. Southern gentlemen are very apt to do this on an emergency.)—Serious apprehensions were entertained about the fate of the remaining servant, which were soon verified, by his actually vanishing—and in “one little month” the dashing carolinian

modestly took his departure in the *Stage-Coach*!—universally regretted by the friends who had generously released him from his cumbrous load of *style*.

Evergreen, in the course of his detail, gave very melancholy accounts of an alarming famine which raged with great violence at the Springs. Whether this was owing to the incredible appetites of the company, or the scarcity which prevailed at the inns, he did not seem inclined to say; but he declares, that he was for several days in imminent danger of starvation, owing to his being a little too dilatory in his attendance at the dinner-table. He relates a number of “moving accidents,” which befel many of the polite company in their zeal to get a good seat at dinner; on which occasion a kind of scrub-race always took place, wherein a vast deal of jockeying and unfair play was shown, and a variety of squabbles and unseemly altercations occurred. But when arrived at the scene of action, it was truly an awful sight to behold the confusion, and to hear the tumultuous uproar of voices crying out, some for one thing, and some for another, to the tuneful accompaniment of knives and forks, rattling with all the energy of hungry impatience.—The feast of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ was nothing when compared with a dinner at the *Great House*. At one time, an old gentleman, whose natural irascibility was a little sharpened by the gout, had scalded his throat, by gobbling down a bowl of hot soup in a vast hurry, in order to secure the first fruits of a roasted partridge before it was snapped up by some hungry rival; when, just as he was whetting his knife and fork, preparatory for a descent on the promised land, he had the mortification to see it



transferred, bodily, to the plate of a squeamish little damsel, who was taking the waters for debility and loss of appetite. This was too much for the patience of old Crusty ; he longed his fork into the partridge, whipt it into his dish, and cutting off a wing of it,—“There, miss, there’s more than you can eat—Oons ! what should such a little chalky-faced puppet as you do with a whole partridge !”—At another time a mighty sweet disposed old dowager, who loomed most magnificently at the table, had a sauce-boat launched upon the capacious lap of a silver-sprigged muslin gown, by the manœuvring of a little politick frenchman, who was dexterously attempting to make a lodgement under the covered way of a chicken-pie—Human nature could not bear it !—the lady bounced round, and, with one box on the ear, drove the luckless wight to utter annihilation.

But these little cross accidents are amply compensated by the great variety of amusements which abounds at this charming resort of beauty and fashion. In the morning the company, each like a jolly bacchanalian, with glass in hand, sally forth to the Spring ; where the gentlemen, who wish to make themselves agreeable, have an opportunity of *dipping* themselves into the good opinion of the ladies : and it is truly delectable to see with what grace and adroitness they perform this ingratiating feat. Anthony says that it is peculiarly amazing to behold the quantity of water the ladies drink on this occasion, for the purpose of getting an appetite for breakfast. He assures me he has been present when a young lady of unparalleled delicacy, tossed off in the space of a minute or two, one and twenty tumblers and a wine-glass full On my asking

Anthony whether the solicitude of the bye-standers was not greatly awakened as to what might be the *effects* of this *debauch* ; he replied, that the ladies at Ballston had become such great sticklers for the doctrine of *evaporation*, that no gentleman ever ventured to remonstrate against this excessive drinking, for fear of bringing his philosophy into contempt. The most notorious water-drinkers in particular, were continually holding forth on the surprising aptitude with which the Ballston waters *evaporated* ; and several gentlemen, who had the hardihood to question this female philosophy where held in high displeasure.

After breakfast, every one chooses his amusement—some take a ride into the pine woods, and enjoy the varied and romantick scenery of burnt trees, post and rail fences, pine flats, potatoe patches, and log huts—others scramble up the surrounding sand hills, that look like the abodes of a giganick race of ants—take a peep at other sand hills beyond them—and then—come down again ; others who are romantick (and sundry young ladies insist upon being so whenever they visit the Springs, or go any where into the country) stroll along the borders of a little swampy brook that drags itself along like an alexandrine, and that, so lazily, as not to make a single murmur—watching the little tadpoles, as they frolick right flip-pantly in the muddy stream, and listening to the inspiring melody of the harmonious frogs that croak upon its borders. Some play at billiards, some play the fiddle, and some—play the fool—the latter being the most prevalent amusement at Ballston.

These, together with abundance of dancing, and

a prodigious deal of sleeping of afternoons, make up the variety of pleasures at the Springs—a delicious life of alternate lassitude and fatigue, of laborious dissipation, and listless idleness, of sleepless nights, and days spent in that dozing insensibility which ever succeeds them. Now and then, indeed, the influenza, the fever-and-ague, or some such pale-faced intruder may happen to throw a momentary damp on the general felicity ; but on the whole, Evergreen declares that Ballston wants only six things; to wit, good air, good wine, good living, good beds, good company, and good humour, to be the most enchanting place in the world—excepting Botany-bay, Musquito Cove, Dismal Swamp, and the Black-hole at Calcutta.)

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The following letter from the sage Mustapha, has cost us more trouble to decypher and render into tolerable english, than any hitherto published. It was full of blots and erasures, particularly the latter part, which we have no doubt was penned in a moment of great wrath and indignation. Mustapha has often a rambling mode of writing, and his thoughts take such unaccountable turns that it is difficult to tell one moment where he will lead you the next. This is particularly obvious in the commencement of his letters, which seldom bear much analogy to the subsequent parts—he sets off with a flourish, like a dramattick hero—assumes an air of great pomposity, and struts up to his subject mounted most loftily *on stilts*.

L. LANGSTAFF.



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FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

*To Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his  
highness the Eashaw of Tripoli.*

Among the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one, my dear Asem, which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind, or from a refined species of vanity and egotism. It is that singular, although almost universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention, when we shall long since have ceased to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave—sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear, will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon, and expatiate in boundless futurity: but it is only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition, in the applause or gratitude of future ages. Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe existence, ambition is forever struggling to soar beyond them—to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which every thing else that concerns us must be involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his most heroick achievements; which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the productions of the painter and the statuary.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column; the laurelled conqueror claims the triumphal

arch, while the obscure individual, who moved in an humbler sphere, asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bear to the next generation this important truth, that he was born, died—and was buried. It was this passion which once erected the vast numidian piles, whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the shades of evening—fit emblems of oblivion!--gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness—It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of saracen magnificence, which nod in mouldering desolation as the blast sweeps over our deserted plains.—How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time ! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while, and contemplated, in awful admiration the stupendous pyramids---An appalling silence prevailed around ; such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementoes of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert—had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their native dust—all were forgotten ! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate, had long since faded from remembrance ; history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality.—Alas ! alas ! said I to myself how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed. He who imagines he has secured to

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himself the meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluding visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the triumphal arch—the swelling dome shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion shall often pass away, before their own duration is accomplished.

Yet this passion for fame, however ridiculous in the eye of the philosopher, deserves respect and consideration from having been the source of so many illustrious actions; and, hence, it has been the practice in all enlightened governments to perpetuate by monuments, the memory of great men, as a testimony of respect for the illustrious dead, and to awaken in the bosoms of posterity an emulation to merit the same honourable distinction. The people of the american logocracy, who pride themselves upon improving on every precept or example of ancient or modern governments, have discovered a new mode of exciting this love of glory—a mode by which they do honour to their great men, even in their life time!

Thou must have observed by this time, that they manage every thing in a manner peculiar to themselves; and doubtless in the best possible manner, seeing they have denominated themselves “the most enlightened people under the sun.” Thou wilt therefore, perhaps, be curious to know how they contrive to honour the name of a living patriot, and what unheard of monument they erect, in memory of his achievements—By the fiery beard of the mighty Barbarossa, but I can scarcely preserve the sobriety of a true disciple of Mahomet while I tell thee!—wilt thou not smile, oh, mussulman of in-

vincible gravity, to learn that they honour their great men by *eating*, and that the only trophy erected to their exploits, is a *publick dinner* ! But trust me, Asem, even in this measure whimsical as it may seem, the philosophick and considerate spirit of this people is admirably displayed. Wisely concluding that when the hero is dead, he becomes insensible to the voice of fame, the song of adulation, or the splendid trophy, they have determined that he shall enjoy his quantum of celebrity while living, and revel in the full enjoyment of a nine days immortality. The barbarous nations of antiquity immolated human victims to the memory of their lamented dead, but the enlightened americans offer up whole hecatombs of geese and calves, and oceans of wine in honour of the illustrious living ; and the patriot has the felicity of hearing from every quarter the vast exploits in gluttony and revelling that have been celebrated to the glory of his name.

No sooner does a citizen signalize himself in a conspicuous manner in the service of his country, than all the gormandizers assemble and discharge the national debt of gratitude—by giving him a dinner—not that he really receives all the luxuries provided on this occasion—no my friend, it is ten chances to one that the great man does not taste a morsel from the table, and is, perhaps, five hundred miles distant ; and, to let thee into a melancholy fact, a patriot, under this *economick* government, may be often in want of a dinner, while dozens are devoured in his praise. Neither are these repasts spread out for the hungry and necessitous, who might otherwise be filled with food and gladness, and inspired to shout forth the illustrious name, which had been the means of their enjoyment—far from

this, Asem—it is the rich only who indulge in the banquet—those who pay for the dainties are alone privileged to enjoy them; so that, while opening their purses in honour of the patriot, they, at the same time, fulfil a great maxim, which in this country comprehends all the rules of prudence, and all the duties a man owes to *himself*—namely, *getting the worth of their money*.

In process of time this mode of testifying publick applause, has been found so marvellously agreeable, that they extend it to events as well as characters, and eat in triumph at the news of a treaty—at the anniversary of any grand national era, or at the gaining that splendid victory of the tongue—an *election*.—Nay, so far do they carry it, that certain days are set apart when the guzzlers, the gormandizers, and the wine bibbers meet together to celebrate a *grand indigestion*, in memory of some great event; and every man in the zeal of patriotism gets devoutly drunk—"as the act directs." Then, my friend, mayest thou behold the sublime spectacle of love of country, elevating itself from a sentiment into an *appetite*, whetted to the quick with the cheering prospect of tables loaded with the fat things of the land. On this occasion every man is anxious to fall to work, cram himself in honour of *the day*, and risk a surfeit in the glorious cause. Some, I have been told, actually fast for four and twenty hours preceding, that they may be enabled to do greater honour to the feast; and certainly, if eating and drinking are patriotick rites, he who eats and drinks most and proves himself the greatest glutton, is, undoubtedly, the most distinguished patriot. Such, at any rate, seems to be the opinion here; and they act up to it so rigidly, that by the time it is



dark, every kennel in the neighbourhood teems with illustrious members of the sovereign people, wallowing in their congenial element of mud and mire.

These patriotick feasts, or rather national monuments, are patronized and promoted by certain inferior *Cadis*, called ALDERMEN, who are commonly complimented with their direction. These dignitaries, as far as I can learn, are generally appointed on account of their great talents for eating, a qualification peculiarly necessary in the discharge of their official duties. They hold frequent meetings at taverns and hotels, where they enter into solemn consultations for the benefit of lobsters and turtles—establish wholesome regulations for the safety and preservation of fish and wild-fowl—appoint the seasons most proper for eating oysters—inquire into the economy of taverns, the characters of publicans, and the abilities of their cooks, and discuss, most learnedly, the merits of a bowl of soup, a chicken-pie, or a haunch of venison: in a word, the alderman has absolute control in all matters of eating, and superintends the whole police—of the belly. Having in the prosecution of their important office, signalized themselves at so many publick festivals; having gorged so often on patriotism and pudding, and entombed so many great names in their extensive maws, thou wilt easily conceive that they wax portly apace, that they fatten on the fame of mighty men, and that their rotundity, like the rivers, the lakes and the mountains of their country, must be *on a great scale*! Even so, my friend; and when I sometimes see a portly alderman, puffing along, and swelling as if he had the world under his waistcoat, I can not help looking upon him as a

walking monument, and am often ready to exclaim —“ Tell me, thou majestick mortal, thou breathing catacomb !—to what illustrious character, what mighty event, does that capacious carcass of thine bear testimony ?”

But though the enlightened citizens of this logocracy *eat* in honour of their friends, yet they *drink* destruction to their enemies.—Yea, Asem, woe unto those who are doomed to undergo the publick vengeance, at a publick dinner. No sooner are the viands removed, than they prepare for merciless and exterminating hostilities. They drink the intoxicating juice of the grape, out of little glass cups, and over each draught pronounce a short sentence or prayer—not such a prayer as thy virtuous heart would dictate, thy pious lips give utterance to, my good Asem—not a tribute of thanks to all bountiful Allah, nor a humble supplication for his blessing on the draught—no, my friend, it is merely a *toast*, that is to say, a fulsome tribute of flattery to their demagogues—a laboured sally of affected sentiment or national egotism ; or, what is more despicable, a malediction on their enemies, an empty threat of vengeance, or a petition for their destruction ; for toasts thou must know are another kind of missive weapon in a logocracy, and are levelled from afar, like the annoying arrows of the tartars.

Oh Asem ! couldst thou but witness one of these patriotick, these monumental dinners—how furiously the flame of patriotism blazes forth—how suddenly they vanquish armies, subjugate whole countries, and exterminate nations in a bumper, thou wouldst more than ever admire the force of that omnipotent weapon the tongue. At these moments every coward becomes a hero, every ragga-

muffin an invincible warrior ; and the most zealous votaries of peace and quiet, forget for a while, their cherished maxims and join in the furious attack. Toast succeeds toast—kings, emperors, bashaws, are like chaff before the tempest ; the inspired patriot vanquishes fleets with a single gun-boat, and swallows down navies at a draught, until, overpowered with victory and wine, he sinks upon the field of battle—dead drunk in his country's cause — Sword of the puissant Khalid ! what a display of valour is here !—the sons of Africk are hardy, brave and enterprising ; but they can achieve nothing like this.

Happy would it be if this mania for *toasting*, extended no farther than to the expression of national resentment. Though we might smile at the impotent vapouring and windy hyperbole, by which it is distinguished, yet we would excuse it, as the unguarded overflowings of a heart, glowing with national injuries, and indignant at the insults offered to its country. But alas, my friend, private resentment, individual hatred, and the illiberal *spirit of party*, are let loose on these festive occasions. Even *the names of individuals*, of unoffending fellow-citizens, are sometimes dragged forth, to undergo the slanders and execrations of a distempered herd of revellers.\*——Head of Mahomet!—

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NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ

\* It would seem that in this sentence, the sage Mustapha had reference to a *patriotick* dinner, celebrated last fourth of July, by some *gentlemen* of Baltimore, when they righteously drank perdition to an unoffending individual, and really thought “ they had done the state some service ” This amiable custom of “ eating and drinking damnation ” *to others*, is not confined to any party :—for a month or two after the fourth of July, the

how vindictive, how insatiably vindictive must be that spirit, which can drug the mantling bowl with gall and bitterness, and indulge an angry passion in the moment of rejoicing!—"Wine," say their poets, "is like sunshine to the heart, which under its generous influence expands with good will, and becomes the very temple of philanthropy."—Strange, that in a temple consecrated to such a divinity, there should remain a secret corner, polluted by the lurkings of malice and revenge—strange, that in the full flow of social enjoyment, these votaries of pleasure can turn aside to call down curses on the head of a fellow-creature. Despicable souls! ye are unworthy of being citizens of this "most enlightened country under the sun"—rather herd with the murderous savages who prowl the mountains of Tibesti; who stain their midnight orgies with the blood of the innocent wanderer, and drink their infernal potations from the skulls of the victims they have massacred.

And yet trust me, Asem, this spirit of vindictive cowardice is not owing to any inherent depravity of soul, for, on other occasions, I have had ample proof that this nation is mild and merciful, brave and magnanimous—neither is it owing to any defect in their political or religious precepts. The principles inculcated by their rulers, on all occasions, breathe a spirit of universal philanthropy; and as to their religion, much as I am devoted to the Koran of our divine prophet, still I cannot but acknowledge with admiration the mild forbearance, the amiable

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different newspapers file off their columns of *patriotick* toasts against each other, and take a pride in showing how brilliantly their partizans can blackguard publick characters in their cups—"they do but jest—poison in jest," as Hamlet says.

benevolence, the sublime morality bequeathed them by the founder of their faith. Thou rememberest the doctrines of the mild Nazarine, who preached peace and good will to all mankind; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; who blessed those who cursed him, and prayed for those who despihtfully used and persecuted him! what then can give rise to this uncharitable, this inhuman custom among the disciples of a master, so gentle and forgiving?—It is that fiend **POLITICKS**, Asem—that baneful fiend, which bewildereth every brain, and poisons every social feeling; which intrudes itself at the festive banquet, and like the detestable harpy, pollutes the very viands of the table; which contaminates the refreshing draught while it is inhaled; which prompts the cowardly assassin to launch his poisoned arrows from behind the social board; and which renders the bottle, that boasted promoter of good fellowship and hilarity, an infernal engine, charged with direful combustion!

Oh Asem! Asem! how does my heart sicken when I contemplate these cowardly barbarities—let me, therefore, if possible, withdraw my attention from them forever. My feelings have borne me from my subject; and from the monuments of ancient greatness. I have wandered to those of modern degradation. My warmest wishes remain with thee, thou most illustrious of slave-drivers; mayest thou ever be sensible of the mercies of our great prophet, who, in compassion to human imbecility, has prohibited his disciples from the use of the de-luding beverage of the grape—that enemy to reason—that promoter of defamation—that auxilliary of **POLITICKS**. ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.